The Sketch

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TELEVISION, 1946.

Tiptoe atop the world's highest skyscraper, the Empire State Building, a BALLET DANCER *performs before the new television transmitter erected there, 1250 ft. above the New York streets. She is making one of the first of a series of full-fledged field tests in the metropolitan area before this powerful transmitter, which is designed to study problems involved in the employment of higher frequencies for television broadcasting. Tests from this building are being conducted by R.C.A. in co-operation with the National Broadcasting Company.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

As You Were. There are two schools of thought about New Year. Some look forward and some look back. Which school you belong to rather depends upon your age. But even for the young and green there is a certain thrill, this year, in casting the mind back for twelve months. Things were not so bright and beautiful in January 1945. True, the tide had turned and the impossible had been achieved; it was only a question of time—but a very vague and open question. Meanwhile, Rundstedt had got under our guard with a nasty, swift upper-cut, which jolted us more than somewhat—though the wise ones knew that it was to be his last punch. On the other hand, there was hardly an expert who did not say that the Pacific War would last three or four years and cost hundreds of thousands of lives. Not even an astrologer would have predicted—and, curiously enough, none did—that the Cease Fire would have sounded on all fronts by the New Year of 1946. However, "sometimes a light surprises," etc.—though I am bound to say that that sounds a little reminiscent of black-out days.

"I think it's time you knew, Daddy . . . babies aren't found under gooseberry bushes."

The Worm In the Bud.

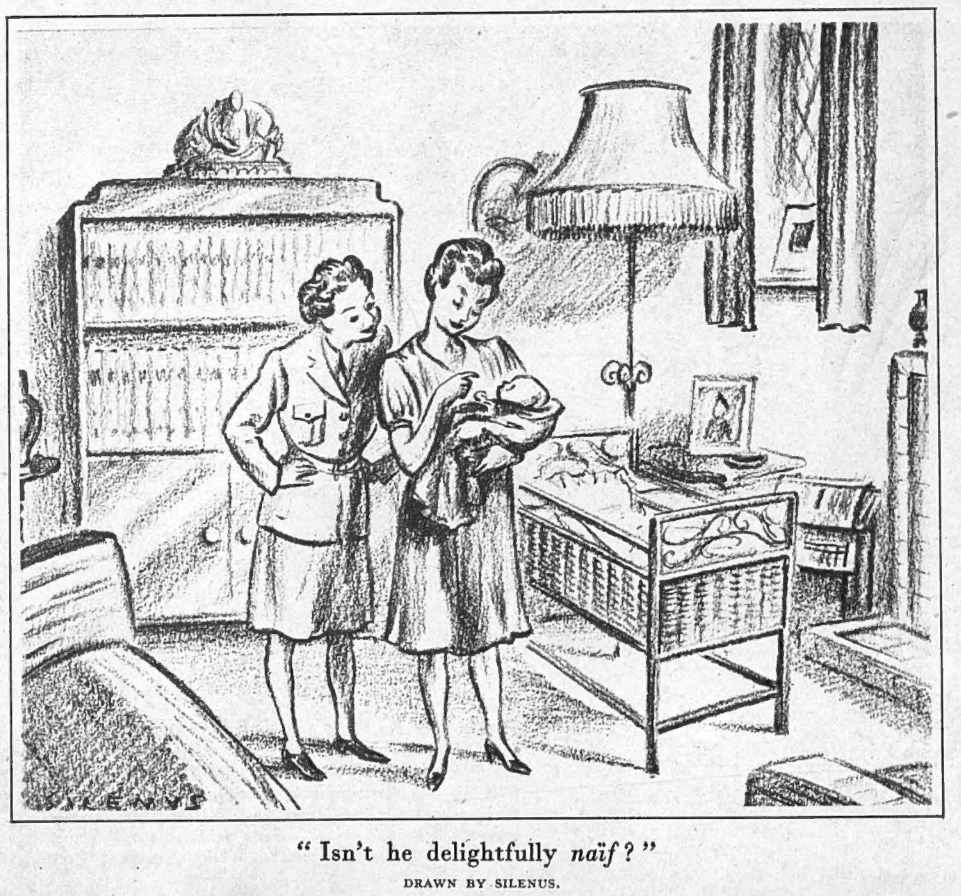
And so, a happy New Year—the happier because the more unexpected. But for some of us—well, I hate to obtrude personal distresses, but I cannot conceal that for me the year opens under a cloud. A secret grief, which I suspect I share with many others, gnaws at my soul. Like most men of my acquaintance, during the war I lost a good deal of weight. I did not complain; the stream-lined effect suits my style, and (confidentially) is much admired. Now this discarded superabundance is coming back, at an alarming rate. I cannot imagine why; certainly in this peacetime austerity my calories, solid and liquid, have not expanded in proportion to my waistline. I suppose it is just Nature's way of greeting the return of peace on earth.

Too, Too Solid. That is all very well, but the immediate results are devastating. I go about, suffering silently, in a state of chronic strangulation. You can let out buttons wherever outletting seems most urgent, but you can't let out a choking neck-band. You can, with luck, get a new and enlarged neck-band, and you may even, with still greater luck, find loving hands to affix it for you; but there is no way known to science of extending or expanding a collar. The prospect of all one's collars becoming mere halters is, in these days, truly affrighting. A heartless, unimaginative Government will not issue a single extra coupon to a person in this pitiable plight. Such is social prejudice that I shall become a mere pariah if I appear *coram populo* enwrapped in a scarf, however bright and natty. I *might* grow a patriarchal beard as a screen or camouflage, but that means going into retirement for at least a year. On the whole, I see nothing for it but slow, steady suffocation. Spare me your pity, but think of me as kindly as you can. By request, no flowers.

". . . . but you can't just 'not afford' to pay your income tax!" [DRAWN BY STARKE.]

Spots of Bother.

It is all very strange, because one would have thought that there were quite enough worries, amid all this raging peace, to keep a chap's weight down. For example, there is the bother in Azerbaijan. I am sure that an intelligent, up-to-the-minute person like yourself has, for many years past, been watching the political development of Azerbaijan with fascinated interest. There are poor fishes who had never heard of the place until it suddenly jumped into the headlines; but you and I are better off and have long been concerned about the state of the parties in Azerbaijan, not to mention Abanazar and Ali-Baba. Then there is Lichtenstein. Things have been pretty tense there, and it is good news that the political crisis is settled, until the next one occurs. That removes at least one shadow from the New Year.



"Isn't he delightfully *naïf*?"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

High Art.

But there still remains the problem of Picasso.

We've got to get him settled somehow before 1946 is much older. Feeling is running very high, and it is not too much to say that the nation (as represented by readers of *The Times*) is divided into two infuriated camps. I refuse to be drawn into this controversy, though I have always been interested in the Picasso idiom, and I happen to possess some very striking examples of it. They were executed by one of my children at the age of five after a bilious attack, and in my opinion they are quite worthy, in point of depth, plane, vision, pattern and dyspepsia, to found a new school. They are a remarkable revelation either of the splendour, or of the decadence, of our age, according to the point of view. Yet this young genius has not yet been heard of by the world. All his most brilliant triangular compositions are now done for an earthy, blind-souled geometry master, who does not realise their significance in the least—in fact, some of his more original blackboard portraits have been officially censured. What a fickle jade is fame!

Too Phunny for Words.

Another anxious matter — though now, perhaps, past praying for—is this thousand-million loan. There are those among us who seem to regard a hundred-pound overdraft as a far more difficult financial operation than a thousand-million deal between Washington and London, and they complain that Bretton Woods makes no provision for overdrafts and seems to have made little impression on bank managers. But this is a narrow, egoistical point of view. The great thing is to get the figures right. "In a long and rugged life in the statistical jungle," said Lord Keynes feelingly, "I have never heard statistics one fiftieth part so funny." An important utterance, with which we must all feel sympathy, but it does not appear to have been correctly reported. The actual adjective used seems to have been "phoney." The term, I understand, is accurately applied to money, though usually in lesser denominations than thousands of millions. So far as statistics are concerned, many of us would prefer to retain "funny." Reluctant to consider them invariably foney, we have never found them anything but phunny.

"All right, all *right*—so the eighty-eight millimetre anti-tank gun's a terrific weapon!"

No Medals.

Certain parts of the country are, I am sorry to see, having little local worries of their own. Unlike the Poet Laureate, I feel no urge at present to go down to the sea again. To be blown out of bed in the middle of the night by stranded mines is not my idea of peace on earth and good will among men. This social menace is spreading inland, too; those astounding fellows who juggle with death and call it "bomb disposal" are uprooting H.E.s all over the suburbs, and you never know when they won't start prospecting in your garden. I have always admired these men, but I must confess that my own contribution to bomb disposal has been slight. Time was when I was instructed in the many feats of gallantry which I could perform, with a nonchalant air, if a buried bomb was in the neighbourhood. With rapt attention and delight I used to learn how, in case of doubt, I should thrust my head into the *camouflet* and sniff for exploded gases. If the bomb happened to go off under my nose, that *proved* that it was a danger to the public, and one had done one's duty and suitable acknowledgements would be made to one's widow. Too bad that one did not get a chance to show the G.C. stuff that one was made of!

The Unbeatables.

But perhaps I was not really in that class, or I should have *made* opportunities of heroism. Men do. There was the fellow the other day who wanted some mistletoe for Christmas. There it was, at the top of a sixty-foot tree. He climbed after it, fell fifty feet and died for his convictions. There was the G.I. who dived into Plymouth Sound to swim ashore to his bride—another of the baffled ones. But deeds of derring-do do not always turn out according to plan. You break your neck when you are nearly at the top of the tree, or you are ignominiously fished out of the water and sent back to your ship drenched, frustrated and under arrest. Other deeds of heroism are far beyond any known pattern and stand as monuments of the "unconquerable soul." Of such quality was the Australian, Captain William Martin, who could have had surcease from the appalling things the Japanese were doing to him if he

(Continued overleaf.)

"Lummy, lady! Three pahnd ain't much when you see the prices 'orses are fetchin'!" [DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.]

The one-hundred-and-thirty-second of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

would only shed a tear for their foul satisfaction. All they could get from him was, "No British man ever weeps." It isn't quite true, but there is a ring about it which will sound in the ears of British men for many a long day.

Alarums and Excursions. It seems that in more prosaic connections this adjective "British," which we always use with a slight air of awkwardness, may soon be acquiring a new respectability. There is a move (so I read) to bring back some of those British goods which we seemed to have surrendered entirely to the foreigner. We had almost forgotten, for example, that there was such a thing as a British clock. Five million out of the six million clocks which were sold here before the war were of foreign manufacture. The clockmakers of old England, now thoroughly aroused, declare themselves determined to grasp this new opportunity of taking time by the forelock. I hope they succeed, because the dearth of clocks and watches is turning us into a nation of "bad time-keepers," as the unpunctual are called in industry. As the poet has so beautifully written—

Th' alarm-clock rings the bell of opening day;
Th' electric kettle boils the morning tea;
The roundsman doorward plods his weary way
And leaves the milk for breakfast—and for me.

Frilligigs.

We are not only to have British clocks; we are to have more and better British scent. I refer not to the hunting-field, but to My Lady's toilet-table. It is felt—and, I should imagine, rightly felt—that there is no reason why the French should excel us in languorous perfumes; but I cannot profess to hold any opinion on this highly technical matter. I detect here a strong feminist movement away from austerity, and this is borne out by the announcement that frills are soon to return to their proper place—or, rather, to their various proper places, which may be numerous. Furbelows also, no doubt, though I have never known what a furbelow was, and, for all I know, it may not be delicate to inquire. Seeing that we have got the cuffs back on our trousers, I don't think we men ought to grudge the girls a few frills, if life is intolerable without them.

Publicans and Sinners. But I advise all frill-frantic women to be very careful about the measurements. There will be an elaborate code of "permitted extensions," and a fraction of an inch too much may mean a prosecution, with very embarrassing publicity. The Law is not to be trifled with! A publican who left a quarter of an inch for the froth at the top of a half-pint, was prosecuted the other day for the hideous crime known as the "short pull." The question naturally leaps to any inquiring mind: Where is the froth to go? On the floor, I suppose—but would not the publican then be liable for wanton waste? Or are brewers to be compelled to brew frothless beer? I always understood that blowing froth was one of the chief attractions of the beverage, and I once belonged to an organisation which existed solely for this healthy sport. It seems that the publican has the choice between losing all his froth-loving customers or standing convicted of crime. No wonder publicans are classed in the Scriptures with sinners! It is entirely characteristic of this legal pin-pricking that it should prick bubbles if it cannot find anything else to prick.

Husband-in-Law.

New battle-honours have been added to the thousand-year war between a spouse and his or her in-laws. It has recently been laid down that because a husband is, for one reason or another, "out of residence," his wife has not the right to fill the house with her cousins, sisters and aunts, not to mention those stormy petrels, her parents. We seem to be getting back to the quaint, primitive old notion that a man is "master in his own house." Absurd, of course, but the Law is very reactionary sometimes.

"I keep saying to myself, what has Betty Grable got that you haven't got . . . and all the time I know!"

DRAWN BY JOHN.

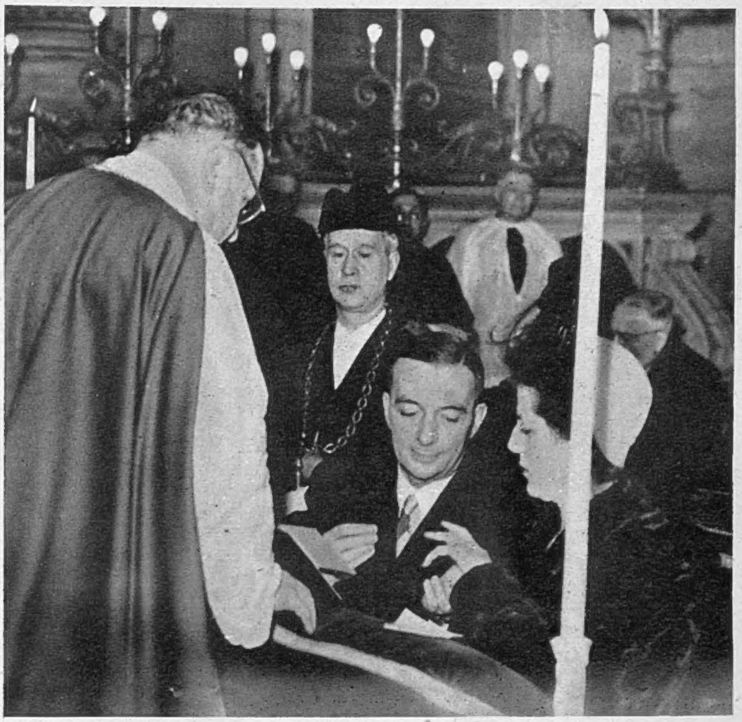
"Who's waiting at this table? Why, you are, chum!" [DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.]

GO ON SAVING PAPER: IT IS STILL ESSENTIAL!

NOTABLE MARRIAGES AND OFFICIAL PARTY.

WING-COMMANDER C. L. SINCLAIR *danced with* MME. HUANG, *wife of the Chinese Air Attaché, Lieut.-Colonel Tang Pao-Huang, at the Government Reception at Seaford House, to meet representatives of the Allied Air Forces.*

MRS. CLEMENT ATTLEE, *wife of the Prime Minister, had some conversation with* MME. WELLINGTON KOO, *wife of H.E. the Chinese Ambassador, at the Seaford House party. The Air Minister, Viscount Stansgate, and Lady Stansgate received.*



The marriage of M. GEORGES BIDAULT, *French Foreign Minister, to* MLLE. SUZANNE BOREL *took place in the Mairie of the Paris District in which the Quai d'Orsay is situated and was followed by a reception at which the British Ambassador and Lady Diana Cooper were guests. Our photograph shows the religious ceremony at the church of St. François Xavier.*

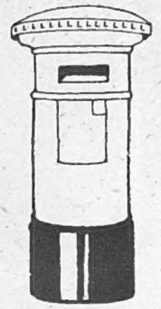
The marriage of the Brazilian Consul-General in London, SENHOR FRANCISCO DE SILVA, *to* MISS ELSIE NADZEIKA, *who had come over from Los Angeles for her wedding, took place at St. James's, Spanish Place. H.E. the Brazilian Ambassador,* SENHOR J. DE L. MONIZ DE ARAGAO, *is shown with the bride and groom.*

MRS. JOHN STRACHEY *and* W/C JOHN STRACHEY, *of Broadcasting fame, with* MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F. SIR ARTHUR TEDDER, *Chief of the Air Staff (one of the new barons in the 1946 Honours List), and* LADY TEDDER, *at Seaford House.*

The marriage of MISS MARJORIE ("MOLLIE") WYNDHAM-QUIN, *daughter of Captain the Hon. Valentine Wyndham-Quin, to* CAPTAIN *the* HON. ROBERT CECIL, *Grenadier Guards, only surviving son of Viscount Cranborne, took place in Westminster Abbey.*

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—When I heard that you and Bill and the Linnet's Philip were all going to be home for Christmas, I knew there was a catch in it somewhere. All the same, it did seem the sort of occasion one has been waiting for all through the war, and when they rang up from the farm to say that the Turkey, which we had booked from the egg, had suddenly passed away, I felt rather like passing away myself.

"He looked all right last time I saw him," said Charles, who has made it his business to pop in at the farm from time to time and inspect the bird.

"Mrs. Barnicote said it was the damp. If I 'd known, I 'd have gone out and held an umbrella over him."

Charles straightened his shoulders and looked me straight in the eye. "We 've never dealt in the Black Market yet, Henrietta," he said, "but this is where we begin."

"Good!" I said. "But how?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said Charles. "I 'll ask old Green."

Mr. Green is a rich retired stockbroker with a kind heart who always Knows A Chap. He can get you anything from a spare part for the vacuum cleaner to a bottle of salad dressing in August. Charles stepped to the telephone. "Nothing easier, Old Boy," said Mr. Green. "I Know A Chap in Norfolk who 's got fifty beautiful birds for sale. Mind you, they aren't cheap."

"'He looked all right last time I saw him.'"

"If necessary," said Charles with dignity, "my wife will pawn some jewellery."

"I wish you 'd let me pay for it," said Mr. Green wistfully.

"No, Green; this is our party." Charles can be very firm sometimes.

The next thing was to move the Turkey from Norfolk to the West without getting it stolen on the way, but Mr. Green Knew A Chap who was coming down in the train and would keep an eye on it if Charles would meet it at the Junction. Charles says he drove all the way back with the Turkey on the front seat beside him, where he could look at it.

Evensong always goes home at Christmas, and the Linnet and I decided that, rather than appear at the party hot, dishevelled, anxious, and cross, and with congealed fat on our evening shoes, we would cook our Turkey the day before and have it cold, with hot soup first to warm people up. This was a good idea, for we were able to spend all the afternoon and evening getting the room ready, laying the table, and doing all the etceteras which make a party fun, without wondering whether we really were, or were not, smelling burning. When I laid the table and thought how you would sit on one side of me, Robert, and Bill on the other, with the Linnet and her Philip opposite, and Charles at the end where we could all look at him, I realised what a lucky woman I was, and wondered whether it wasn't all too good to be true.

Charles was our only worry. He kept padding about with a worried expression on his face, and even decanting some port and mixing some cocktails—activities in which he usually delights—failed to clear the cloud, as they say, from his brow.

"Are you feeling quite well, Honey?" said the Linnet, pausing to give him a rapturous kiss as she hurried by with a tray of assorted chutneys.

"Quite well, thank you, my dear," said Charles, and he carried the port decanters tenderly over to a corner not too far from the fire and put the cocktails in the refrigerator. Then he sat down and gazed into space.

"Charles, darling," I said, "you are being the Fly in my Ointment. Please tell me what 's the matter."

"It 's old Type," said Charles. "I keep on thinking of him."

Old Type is one of Charles' hunting friends. He lives all alone in a cottage a long way from anywhere, and cooks his own meals and grooms his horse, and is, Charles says, well-turned-out in the hunting-field. Every Saturday he tells Charles what he is going to cook for his supper, and Charles comes home and tells me.

"Decanting some port."

"What 's he doing for Christmas?"

"Opening a tin of sardines."

"Then for goodness' sake ring him up and tell him to come here. Why didn't you say so before?"

"He 's not on the telephone."

"Then go and fetch him. Have you got the petrol?"

"I think so." Charles was beaming. "I say, you don't mind, do you? I mean, it won't upset the table or anything?"

"We 're ten already. One more or less doesn't make the slightest difference," said the Linnet grandly as she lit the candles all down the table to see how they looked.

"Tell him we shall be delighted to see him," I said. One can afford the luxury of hospitality with a whacking great Black Market Turkey in the larder. Charles leapt into his car and drove madly off into the night to fetch old Type, and Lady B. arrived early, with her apron, to know if she could help. "It 's all done except the Plan of Campaign," I said, pouring everybody a before-the-battle-cocktail. "Charles will carve and we 'll all sit still while the young wait on us."

"Bags I being Fairy Mashed-Potatoes," said Bill. "Philip can be Fairy Turkey." "Fairy Chutney for me," said the Linnet. "And I 'll be Fairy Beetroot," said the girl we all hope Bill is going to marry.

Then Faith and the Conductor arrived, and Faith turned out to be Fairy Coffee, for she had brought her own special brand, all ready-made in Thermos jugs. After that, Charles came back with old Type, whom we all felt we had known for years, though we had never set eyes on him before, Bill went upstairs to fetch Grannie, and all the party was there except you, Robert. When the telephone rang, I knew you weren't coming. Bill answered it, and then he came back and said: "It's Uncle Robert. He says turn down an empty glass."

The soup (brought by Fairy Lady B.) was delicious, the Black Market Turkey tender and succulent, and everybody got something out of the plum pudding. The Fairies waited with speed and dexterity, and at the end of dinner they turned out the lights so that we drank our port by candlelight. Bill squeezed my hand, the Linnet blew me a kiss, and Charles winked from the other end of the table. It was the happiest Christmas we have ever had, and I do wish you had been there.

Charles proposed the King, and then we had Absent Friends, and after that old Type made a speech thanking us for having him and mentioning his horse and one of our cousins, to whom he had been a fag at Cheltenham. Then the Fairies flitted off to a dance, and after a little desultory conversation in the candlelight, the party broke up and Charles and I drove old Type home.

It was midnight when we got back. "Now," said Charles, rolling up his sleeves, "for the Fairies' Washing-up."

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

"'Now for the Fairies' Washing-up.'"

PRINCE REGENT.

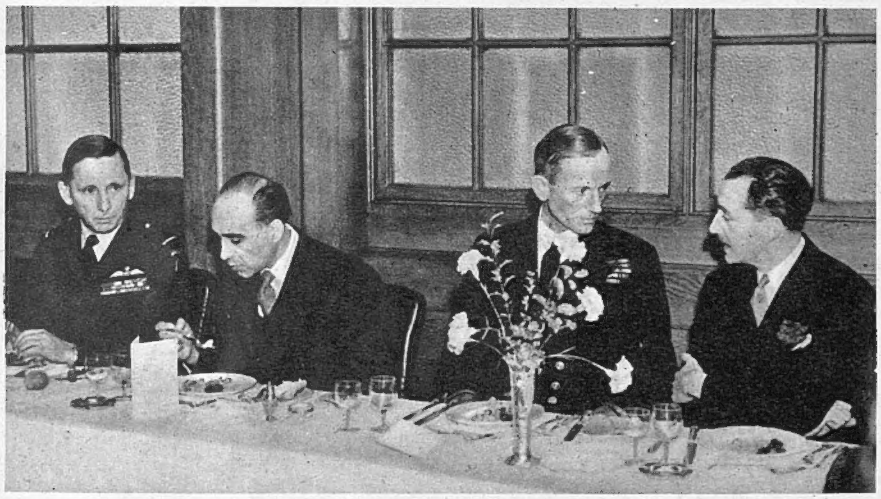
Ageing fop, vain, absurd and pretentious, ROBERT MORLEY'S *" Prinny " in " The First Gentleman " at the Savoy is yet a royal figure. He plays brilliantly a character which fits him like a glove, gives him plenty of scope for his own particular talent, and for which Norman Ginsbury has found new and attractive facets.*

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR " THE SKETCH " BY GRANT MACDONALD.

The marriage of MR. DAVID MICHAEL HODGES, *son of Admiral Sir Michael and Lady Hodges, to* MISS KATHLEEN MARION COLVILLE, *daughter of the late Mr. G. S. E. Colville and of Mrs. Corbett Thompson, took place at St. Peter's, Vere Street.*

PARTIES IN LONDON, PARIS AND MOSCOW, WEDDINGS,

MISS MARY SYLVIA GUTHRIE, *first air hostess or "Star Girl" for the air-liner "Star Light," flew with the 'plane on its first survey flight to South America, to signalise the transfer of Heath Row Airport from military to civil control.*



MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F. SIR ARTHUR TEDDER *(raised to the peerage in the New Year's Honours List),* DR. S. L. SIMPSON, REAR-ADMIRAL R. K. DICKSON *and* MAJOR A. HUSKISSON, M.C., *were photographed at lunch after visiting the clothing works of S. Simpson.*

S/LDR. IAN McRITCHIE, D.F.C., *Australian Ace, and* MRS. McRITCHIE *studied the Roy Nockolds portrait of the Squadron-Leader when they visited the private view of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters at the R.A.*

MME. DE RANCOURT DE MINERANT, *looking extremely elegant, attended the Cabaret Dance in aid of the Children's Friendship and Gifts Association at the Dorchester. She is the wife of* COLONEL DE RANCOURT DE MINERANT *(r.), French Air Attaché.*

MRS. G. M. D. (WENDY) FLEMING, *widow of Mr. R. D. Fleming, Black Watch, is engaged to Mr. David L. Miln, son of the late Mr. G. P. Miln and of Mrs. Miln, Abbot's Lodge, Chester.*

ENGAGEMENT, PRIVATE VIEW, AMATEUR OPERA AND SURVEY FLIGHT.

MISS E. C. BATHER *(formerly Group Officer, W.A.A.F.) Scotland Yard's first Chief Inspector of Women Police, chatted with* CANON SPENCER LEESON, *Headmaster of Winchester, at the Royal Hampshire Hospital Ball.*

MR. JAMES BYRNES, *U.S. Secretary of State, attended the reception for the Foreign Ministers in Moscow during the recent conference. He arrived with* MISS KATHLEEN HARRIMAN, *daughter of the U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet.*

" THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE " *was recently produced for a run of four performances by the West Wickham Amateur Operatic Society at the Lecture Hall, West Wickham. The Pirate King* (MR. CYRIL CANNON) *is leading the chorus of buccaneers.*

The marriage of twenty-eight-year-old MISS ANNE McKAY *to* VICE-ADMIRAL DOUGLAS BLAKE FISHER, *fifty-five-year-old Fourth Sea Lord, who received the K.B.E. in the New Year's Honours, was fixed for January 4 at Chelsea Register.*

The marriage of MISS EVE HOLLAND, *elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. W. T. F. Holland, to Captain J. T. P. Mellor, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, is fixed for January 12.*

LADY DIANA COOPER *served her young guests at the tea-party for English children in Paris, held at the British Embassy. H.E. the British Ambassador, Mr. Duff Cooper, acted as Chairman of the feast.*

STAGE CAMEOS.

By JOHN RUSSELL.

THEATRICALLY this has been a meagre, mitigated Christmas, with few of those costly exuberances which, under the generic name of pantomime, formerly expressed the whole richness and generosity of the season. For several kinds of performer the season of pantomime was the natural harvest of the year, the fullest, ripest expression of talents carefully tended during the other forty-six weeks of the annual fifty-two. Mr. Bud Flanagan, at the Adelphi in Mr. Jack Hylton's "Cinderella," still gives us something of this sensation; and at the Cambridge there is Miss Binnie Hale to show us how, with a shrewd minimum of apparent exertion, one may yet secure the maximum of evident effect. Mr. Emile Littler has not stinted us of the conjurer, the human cat or the accomplished tumblers—all natural adjuncts to pantomime; only the jokes have a wartime leanness, though that splendidly unsubtle comedian, Mr. Hal Bryan, hurls them up at the gallery with the same physical abandon which he later employs in lobbing a plum-pudding into this distant but enthusiastic region.

At the St. James's Theatre a more delicate entertainment is offered by the Farjeons' "Glass Slipper"; this fantasy, now up for its first revival, would be welcome among the small band of annual Christmas plays.

When Sarah Bernhardt first appeared as Hamlet, a French critic was bold enough to remark that she seemed to ignore altogether "the slow-moving, beer-soaked Hamlet of the Anglo-Saxons." As an Anglo-Saxon myself, I may have failed to notice a similar side of R. L. Stevenson's Jim Hawkins; but with this reservation I must own that Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson's performance as Jim Hawkins in "Treasure Island," at the Granville, Walham Green, seemed to me quite excellent, recalling exactly the dancing pace and apple-sweet flavour of this best of adventure stories. J. B. Fagan's leisurely, frankly episodic adaptation may be too long and slow for those who come to it without having read the book; but others will value its faithful reproduction of scene after scene. Mr. Hanau's production does bravely by the play, with Royal Academy tropical landscapes, Royal Tournament sailors' uniforms and a good show of Royal Ordnance powder and shot at crucial moments. Jim Hawkins cannot, however, dominate the play as he does the book. Long John Silver, in the hands of Mr. Tony Quinn, takes over most capably; this is a Silver bred in Dublin, with his tongue feeling for the speech of O'Casey but falling back very handsomely upon Stevenson. As Ben Gunn, the marooned man, Mr. Hugh Pryse had no difficulty in silencing the crowing and cackling of his mostly juvenile audience and later won from them a deserved ovation. The scenes of action were mimed and spoken with real zest, and the play as a whole sits high above the common level of seasonable productions.

"Aladdin," the Emile Littler show at the Cambridge, stars in the title-rôle BINNIE HALE, *who is just coming out of the Widow Twankey's Laundry, dressed in one of her many "changes."*

"The Land of the Christmas Stocking" (Duke of York's) is a real play for children, unsophisticated and charming; the story of two children sent to Nursery Rhyme Island as a punishment for believing in Father Christmas. Above: l. to r., Tilly (PATSY ANN HEDGES); *Tom* (COLIN SIMPSON); *Odd Man* (RICHARD GOOLDEN); *and Dandy Diddle* (GRETE UNGER).

This is the prize-giving season, when critics sit with the scales of justice in one hand and a pocket tape-measure in the other, weighing and measuring the year's candidates for honour. At such times a theatre critic may envy his cinema colleagues, for although these do their deadly work at ten or eleven in the morning, rather than at that flexible midriff of the evening which lies between seven and ten, they do seem at the end of the year to have a wonderful number of masterpieces to choose from. One meets them puffing and panting at the labour of sifting the first hundred of the year's princely diversions; and I find, too, a marvellous lack of unanimity in their choice. We, by contrast, have to rattle and shake the sieve of memory until at last there falls through something worthy of the high standards of the past. How we long, for instance, to see Mr. Michael Redgrave and Miss Mary Morris in a first-rate play! And how many dull plays tag along from month to month, whereas, for example, the delicious froth of Becque's "Parisienne," with Mr. Redgrave and Miss Dresdel, was whipped away from us after a handful of Monday matinées!

Let us, however, count some blessings: among them the magnificent production of "Peer Gynt" with which the Old Vic opened its last season. Rarely can a spectacular production (and this outdid any pantomime in this respect) have been so beautifully adjusted to the essential, intimate play which lies within the

Aladdin kisses the hand of Princess Balroubadour (MARY MEREDITH), *with the* TILLER GIRLS *forming a decorative background.*

enormous rambling mummery of Ibsen's youthful imagination. This "Peer Gynt" had a double greatness, being at once a huge technical machine in perfect order and a private philosophical discussion, conducted with unflagging zest and beauty of speech by Mr. Ralph Richardson. The part of Anitra, again, can never have been played so well as by Miss Vida Hope; this actress's extreme and beguiling singularity of person was here raised to the highest degree of rightness. The short visit of the *Comédie Française* brought us a large piece of dispensable lumber, in the shape of Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas"; but even here their perfection of speech served to remind us how far our own resources in this respect have been dilapidated during the war. The quarrel between father and son in "Phèdre" thrilled and won the audience as few scenes could do; and in watching the Edwardian farce of "Les Boulingrin" one's laughter was mingled with astonishment that lines could be spoken so fast, and yet with such perfect control of sense. We have, however, at least one producer who can take a great play and make its least comma eloquent; and for me the best moments of the year were those passed in watching Miss Peggy Ashcroft play, under Mr. George Rylands' direction, in "The Duchess of Malfi."

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: OLD VIC THEATRE COMPANY SEASON OF REPERTORY (New). "BLITHE SPIRIT" (Duchess). "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE" (Strand). "HAPPY AND GLORIOUS" (Palladium). "PRIVATE LIVES" (Apollo). "WHILE THE SUN SHINES" (Globe). "THE FIRST GENTLEMAN" (Savoy). "YOUNG MRS. BARRINGTON" (Winter Garden). "GAY ROSALINDA" (Palace). "SWEETER AND LOWER" (Ambassadors). "SIGH NO MORE" (Piccadilly). "ME AND MY GIRL" (Victoria Palace). "THE RIVALS" (Criterion). "UNDER THE COUNTER" (Phœnix).

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING: "THE YEARS BETWEEN" (Wyndham's). "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" (Haymarket). "FOR CRYING OUT LOUD" (Stoll). "PERCHANCE TO DREAM" (Hippodrome). "THE NIGHT AND THE MUSIC" (Coliseum). "THE HASTY HEART" (Aldwych). "BIG BOY" (Saville). "NO MEDALS" (Vaudeville). "DUET FOR TWO HANDS" (Lyric). "LADY FROM EDINBURGH" (Playhouse). "SEE HOW THEY RUN" (Comedy). "MADAME LOUISE" (Garrick). "THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER" (St. Martin's). "IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY?" (Duke of York's). "FOLLOW THE GIRLS" (His Majesty's). "MERRIE ENGLAND" (Princes). "FINE FEATHERS" (Prince of Wales). OPERA SEASON (Sadler's Wells). "WORM'S EYE VIEW" (Whitehall).

PANTOMIMES:—"CINDERELLA" (Adelphi). "ALADDIN" (Cambridge). "THE LAND OF THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING" (Duke of York's). "PETER PAN" (Scala). "THE GLASS SLIPPER" (St. James's).

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

"THE HOUSE ON 92ND STREET" (Odeon, Leicester Square) reminds me of those highly effective spy-stories of Bernard Newman's. By keeping the details factual and their combination free and fanciful, it gives to a purely fictional melodrama the effect of an urgent and authentic document.

The film has been made by Louis de Rochemont, veteran producer of "The March of Time." It deals with the wartime activities of the F.B.I., and, in particular, their long and patient investigations into the efforts of a Nazi spy-ring to learn the secrets of atomic-bomb production. The story, we are told, is a composite of some of the Bureau's better case-histories, dug out of the files by Mr. de Rochemont and astutely edited and pieced together.

An athletic young German-American called William Dietrich (William Eythe) graduates from a mid-Western college in the late '30's, and receives an attractive offer of a post-graduate course in Hamburg. He reports this proposition to the F.B.I., is told to accept it, goes through an intensive training as a spy in Germany, and is sent back to America with orders from the Nazis to set up a secret radio transmitter. In New York William Dietrich finds himself involved with a number of tough and unlovely characters, centred on a demure old brownstone house owned by a mysterious lady dressmaker (Swedish actress Signe Hasso). How Dietrich runs with the hare and hunts with the hounds, how the F.B.I. and its G-Men, led by veteran actor Lloyd Nolan save the day for democracy is the story of "The House On 92nd Street," and it 's a good one.

Only a very small proportion of the film was shot in a studio. Real locations were used wherever possible. There are secret F.B.I. camera-shots, taken before the war, of people entering and leaving the German Embassy. Professional G-Men work alongside professional actors. The mixture of fact and reconstruction is an old "March of Time" trick, but I do not recall seeing it used in an entertainment film before. To my mind, it is an extremely effective approach to melodrama; somehow the suggestion is conveyed that all the characters on the screen are real, that they are actually engaged in work of national defence or mischief, and that we are lucky enough to see them caught by a newsreel camera. For people who like their pictures to be both on the move and in the know, "The House On 92nd Street" is class entertainment; if you except a male impersonation by a handsome young woman that wouldn't fool Cinderella in a Christmas pantomime.

"KITTY" (Carlton) is one of those Hollywood costume romances that aspire to be excitingly daring, but contrive to be quite decently dull. This Kitty is a Cockney slum girl of the 1780's (Paulette Goddard), who, in the limpid prose of Synopsis "rises to riches and a leading social position as a result of Thomas Gainsborough, seeing beauty beneath her dirt and rags, selecting her as a model for one of his paintings." A profligate young nobleman, Sir Hugh Marcy (Ray Milland), thereupon takes up the little hussy and makes a "lady" of her, with the object of marrying her off to an old buffer called the Duke of Malmunster, who has once humiliated him. Kitty, not being a girl to do anything by halves, "goes through two marriages and many intrigues" before she perceives the honest love-light that has been burning all the while in the eyes of Hugh Marcy. The best thing in "Kitty" is the performance of Constance Collier as the Marcy aunt, a raddled old harridan with all the forlorn airs of a disreputable splendour. The most touching thing is the clear belief of Hollywood that Miss Goddard is speaking Regency Cockney in the early scenes of this film.

"This Love of Ours" (New Gallery; January 13), based on a play by Pirandello, involves the return to their home in Pasadena of pathologist Dr. Michael Touzac and his wife Karin (MERLE OBERON) *who, separated for twelve years, decide to live together again and are confronted with psychological problems in their daughter Suzette, who doesn't know her mother. Above: Karin tells Targel* (CLAUDE RAINS) *that she can't stay in the Touzac home, wants to leave with him.*

There is a shock in store at the Academy Cinema for Jones Minimus, when he goes along with his shining morning face and his little dictionary to see "US KIDS" ("*Nous les Gosses*"), the French film advertised as the perfect holiday show "by children for children of all ages." For the British Board of Film Censors (a blessing on its frosty poll) has decreed in its infinite wisdom that "*Nous les Gosses*" shall have an "A" certificate, and Jones Minimus will either have to bribe some kindly uncle to accompany him, or go home and fly a kite.

In my opinion "*Nous les Gosses*" is a good show for children, but I fancy it should give even more pleasure to grown-ups, who will be delighted to find that a film made in Paris during the German occupation may have all the wit and charm and intelligence of the pre-war French cinema. This neat work, directed by Louis Daquin, whose name is unfamiliar to me, is a variation of "Emil and the Detectives," with a mood and colour that is quite its own. The story is very simple. A small boy, playing with a football in the school playground, breaks a window. The headmaster threatens to make him pay for it, and his friends band together to help him out of his trouble, for his parents are poor and very strict. In all sorts of ways they earn the money, some shining shoes, some picking and selling flowers, some singing in the streets, and all the while a seedy street-corner individual is waiting to steal the cash when it is collected; a simple job, amounting to a dexterous exchange of boxes. The film ends with one of those cops-and-robbers chases for which the cinema was clearly invented, with the entire pack of school-children on the heels of the villain, and a pretty engagement between a young schoolmaster and the sister of one of the pupils, to lend the necessary touch of romance.

EVA MOORE *(l.) as Meg, and her daughter* JILL ESMOND *as the Queen Mother (second from right), are together in Columbia's "The Bandit of Sherwood Forest" (Gaumont and Marble Arch Pavilion), Technicolor story of Robin Hood. Meg does not recognise Robin Hood's son Robert* (CORNEL WILDE), *who has returned at his father's call.* ANITA LOUISE *(right) plays the Queen Mother's lady-in-waiting, Lady Catherine Maitland.*

There are eighty-five children in the cast, as opposed to seven adults, but the dominant figure in the picture is the sleazy, soapy sneak-thief, incomparably played by a comedian called Bussières. I am not familiar with the work of M. Bussières. To my knowledge, I have never seen him before this picture. But I look forward with ardour to our further acquaintance. A comedian with the authority of Jouvet and the pliancy of Fernandel is not vouchsafed to us every day.

"LA MORT DU CYGNE," at Studio One, is not new, but a revival of a French film that was shown at the Curzon before the war. At the time, you may recall, it created quite a stir amongst the balletomanes. It is a study of life behind the scenes in the ballet school of the Paris Opera, where the small Pavlovas of the future dream their dreams, and practise their *fouettés*, and hate and adore their elders. Each little girl in the *corps de ballet* is accustomed to choose an older girl to be her foster-mother. The heroine, Rose Souris, chooses the prima ballerina, Beaupré. When a foreign ballerina, younger and more fashionable, is elected to replace Beaupré in "*La Mort du Cygne*," the child Rose, in despair at this insult to her *petite mère*, takes away the prop from a stage trap, and sends the Swan Queen crashing into the cellarage.

"Confidential Agent" (Warner) stars LAUREN BACALL *as Rose Cullen, daughter of Lord Benditch, a British coal magnate, and* CHARLES BOYER *as Denard, agent for the Spanish republican party. The year: 1937; the details: intrigue; treachery; suspicion; death; and love.*

N.B.—We regret having to disappoint so many of our readers, but must inform them that all autographed film-stars' photographs have now been disposed of.

(Left)
The jump-turn—used on breakable crust. Here the stick acts as a pivot, the skis being held as nearly parallel as possible.

(Right)
This exercise gives confidence for the Christiania turn. Relax the body, pivot on the point of the skis, then first make a quarter-turn and later a half-turn. Skis must be absolutely parallel.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MLLE. ANTOINETTE MEYER, for giving good practical ski-ing tips photographically.

THE Swiss slopes are open again; and the British Minister and his wife and other members of the Diplomatic Corps are enjoying afresh the thrills of ski-ing. Twenty-one hotels at St. Moritz are now open and the Cresta Run will soon be ready again. While nothing can take the place of the ski-instructor's own evolutions on the slopes, and his explanations, MLLE. ANTOINETTE MEYER, the Swiss woman ski-ing expert, gives here a few simple hints which may help the novice—and others—before he or she embarks on the practice slopes.

(Left) Here is a good exercise for achieving suppleness and balance at the same time. First one and then the other, throw the legs up sideways as high as possible.

To get you used to the forward position in descent, so that—no matter how steep the slope—you have no fear of leaning well forward. The body is forward almost to the point of loss of equilibrium, until it is held only by the diagonal pull on the straps.

This exercise is first-rate for helping a beginner to arrive at the correct position for downhill running. The legs and trunk are in the modern position adopted by the expert when travelling at great speed.

HEAD OF THE V. & A.— MR. LEIGH ASHTON.

MR. ARTHUR LEIGH ASHTON, *appointed Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum last year, is one of the best-known connoisseurs in the country. While his special field is Oriental art, his interests cover a wide range of European fine and applied art. He is perhaps best known to the public as having arranged the great Chinese Exhibition at Burlington House in 1935. In 1914-18 he served as a lieutenant in the R.G.A.; in the recent war, loaned to the M.O.I., he became Director of the British Embassy Press Office at Ankara. Mr. Ashton is a talented pianist, and takes a great interest in the theatre.*

PIN-UP PERFECTION BY SELECTION: ANTHOLOGY OF BEAUTY BUILT FROM FOUR LIVING GIRLS.

Right: "Sweet be real proud of that rich hair!" Fairy Folkes, twenty-one-year-old business girl was chosen to supply the Perfect Pin-Up Girl with lustrous curly golden hair.

Pocket Venus Dawn Anderson, 5 ft. 2 ins. in height, with a 31-in. bust, 32-in. hips and a 21-in. waist, supplied the legs for the composite Pin-up.

And this is the IDEAL PIN-UP GIRL, a composite figure built out into a figure which represents the Commonwealth's fe

N.B. A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.

...t of the best features of four lovely Australians composed ...ection by Selection," or Anthology of Loveliness.

THE Pin-up Girl, treasure and comfort of the soldier on active service, and decoration for huts, dug-outs, wardrooms and messes all over the globe, is a war-time phenomenon, so to signalise the end of hostilities, Australia has "built up" or "composed" an Ideal Pin-up Girl, out of four of the Commonwealth's loveliest young women. On these pages we give the Anthology of Beauty, together with the four girls who supplied features for her. Fairy Folkes is "Old Contemptible's" nominee for "Miss Australia"; Margot Lee is a popular model; Dawn Anderson is known as the "Pocket Venus"; and Joyce Evans, like Fairy Folkes, was recently adjudged a "Girl of the Week" by a Commonwealth photographic agency.

Left: Here is the supreme pin-up face, supplied by Margot Lee, for the ideal composite girl. She is twenty-two, with deep-blue eyes, finely-arched brows, firm lines of a full mouth and an enchanting profile.

The slender, but nicely-rounded torso belonging to Joyce Evans was chosen for the composite figure "presented as the final, perfect pin-up girl to mark the conclusion of war."

THE MEN WHO MAKE THE STARS: FILM PUNDITS IN THEIR OFFICES.

Left: DAVID O. SELZNICK, *Executive Producer, the Selznick Studio, has the Napoleonic faculty of dictating to two secretaries at once. His big, luxurious office suggests a lounge library. Born in 1902, Mr. Selznick began his career in publicity, advertising and scenario editing with the Select Picture Corporation after leaving Columbia University.*

MR. SELZNICK is responsible for making "Gone With the Wind," "Rebecca," "Since You Went Away," and countless famous films. He won the "Oscar" for the best production in 1939 and 1940, and the Irving Thalberg Memorial Award for most persistent high quality of production in 1939.——Mr. Goldwyn was born in 1884 in Warsaw, and raised as an orphan. He emigrated to the U.S.A. when he was eleven, and first worked as a factory hand. He early saw the possibilities of film entertainment and with his brother-in-law, Jesse L. Lasky, formed a company and got to work in 1913. By 1917 Goldwyn had made his mark in the film world and went straight ahead. His most celebrated productions include "Wuthering Heights," "The Westerner," "The Little Foxes," and "Ball of Fire."

Right: SAM GOLDWYN *works in a very cosy office, with gaily-patterned curtains, and a deep-pile carpet. Plants in pots and deep easy chairs are included in the furnishings, and a special table is provided for the jug of iced water essential to the American Way of Life.*

THE MEN WHO MAKE THE STARS: FILM PUNDITS IN THEIR OFFICES.

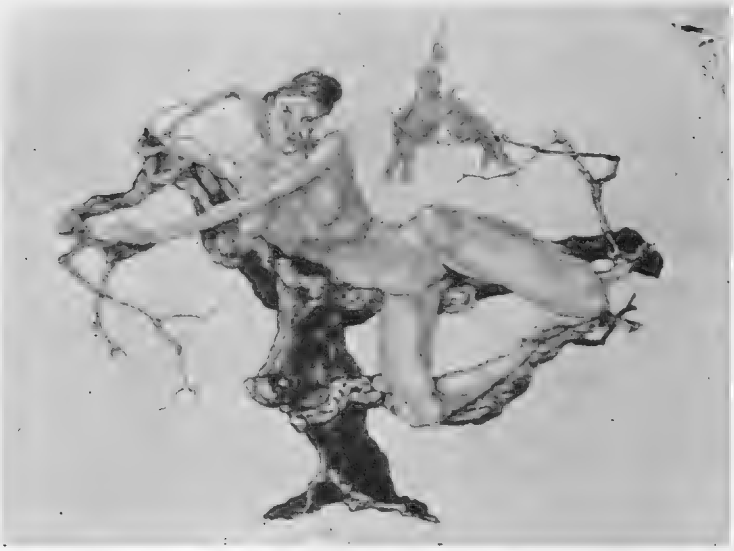
ro-Goldwyn-Mayer's producer, ARTHUR FREED, has a couple of rooms ffices. *The figure on the bookshelf on the left is a gift from author Ludwig Bemellmans.*

PRESTON STURGES, *sometimes known as Hollywood's most original director, has his own ideas about offices too. His secretary has the big one, where she sits in a fortress of tables and files, while he occupies a small room at the back.*

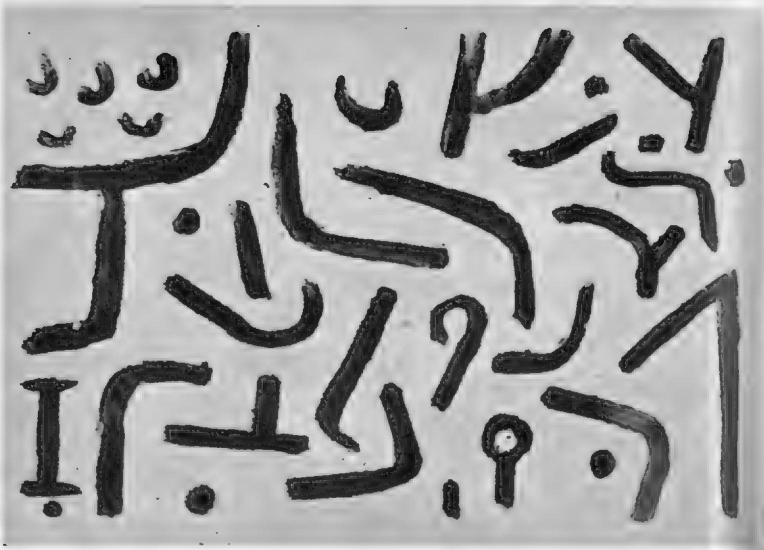
DARRYL F. ZANUCK, *of 20th Century-Fox, has a whole suite of offices. His trophy room, which contains a zebra-skin screen, mounted heads of antelopes and wild boars, a lion skin, and many sporting groups, is where he finds it easiest to relax.*

Paramount's FREEMAN *works in an office which he also uses as a conference room. It is practical and austere, but has a fine carpet, wide, well-curtained windows and a grandfather clock.*

PRESTON STURGES directs the stories he writes and writes the pictures he directs. He fought in the 1914-18 war and then succeeded as playwright and actor, and with films. He went to Hollywood in 1932.——Darryl F. Zanuck is Vice-President in charge of production for 20th Century-Fox. He was the first producer to win the Irving G. Thalberg Memorial Trophy, and was recently awarded the Legion of Merit by the U.S. War Department for filming the North African invasion of 1942.——Y. Frank Freeman, head of the Paramount Studio in Hollywood since 1938, is President of the Motion Picture Producers' Association.



"GIRL IN A TREE (DREAMING)." 1903.



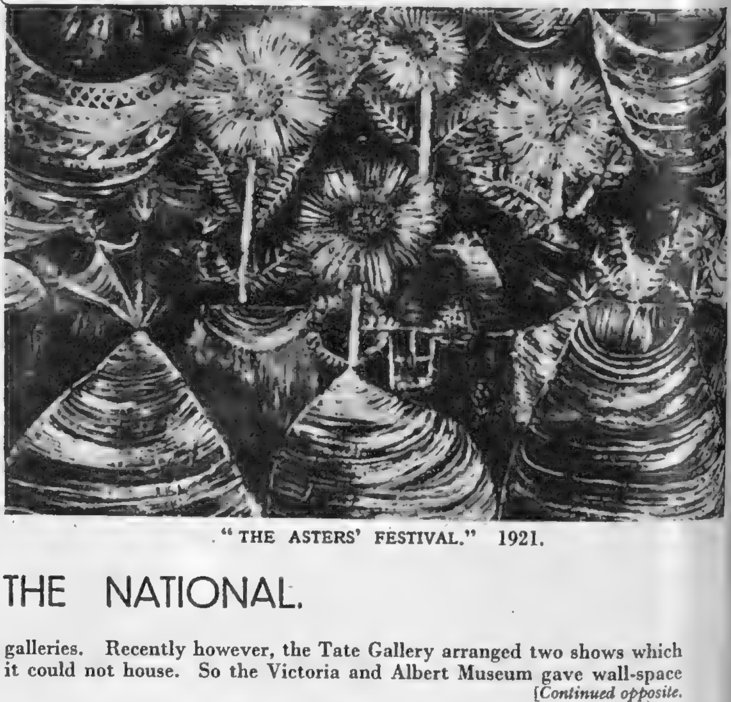
"THE VEGETATION STIRS." 1938.

"THE WILD MAN." 1922.

"IDIOT DWARF IN A TRANCE." 1927.

"A GIRL POSSESSED." 1924.

"A BULL'S HEAD." 1931.



"THE ASTERS' FESTIVAL." 1921.

PAUL KLEE AT THE NATIONAL.

Our national galleries in the past have shown Old Masters, the "known," the "understood." The H.E. of modern painting was confined to private galleries. Recently however, the Tate Gallery arranged two shows which it could not house. So the Victoria and Albert Museum gave wall-space

[*Continued opposite.*

HIGH EXPLOSIVE AT TWO[N]

Co
to
Th

"SMALL CHILD WITH FLOWERS."

"WOMAN WITH FISH HAT."

"SEATED WOMAN."

"ROYAN."

"WOMAN ON SOFA."

"WOMAN WITH GREEN DRESS."

"WOMAN IN ARM CHAIR."

"PORTRAIT OF A LADY."

PICASSO AT THE V. & A.

Continued.]
to Picasso, while the National Gallery is showing the work of Paul Klee. The blast of hot, searing criticism in daily papers, clubs, pubs and drawing-rooms suggests that our readers might like to compare samples of the two shows, to "start you talking" in the B.B.C. manner.

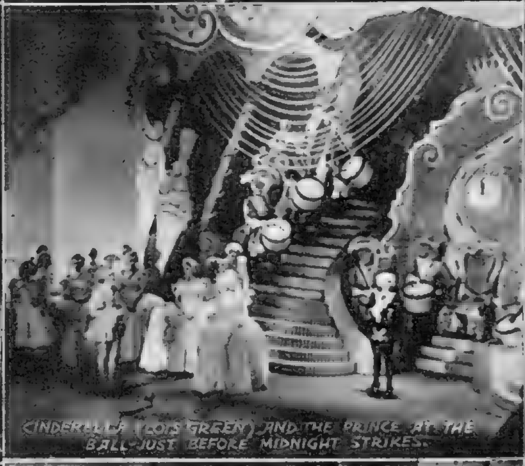
NATIONAL GALLERIES.

PRINCE CHARMING (JEAN ADRIENNE) GOES HUNTING IN THE FOREST OF BLUEBELL.

CONJURING FEATS BY THE LADIES OF THE CHORUS.

PRINCE CHARMING, IN DISGUISE, INVITES THE BARON AND HIS DAUGHTERS TO THE BALL.

BUTTONS (BUD FLANAGAN) AND THE BARON STONEYBROKE (GAVIN GORDON) ENJOY PRACTICAL JOKING.


CINDERELLA (LOIS GREEN) AND THE PRINCE AT THE BALL JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT STRIKES.

THE GRAND FINALE — PRINCE CHARMING'S MARRIAGE TO CINDERELLA.

BUTTONS AND THE BARON MAKE A CHRISTMAS PUDDING BY B.B.C. INSTRUCTIONS.

CINDERELLA SETS OUT FOR THE BALL IN HER FAIRY COACH.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER (BEBE DE ROLAND) LEADS THE MAGIC BALLET.

CINDERELLA ARRIVES AT THE BALL AS PRINCESS PERFECT, AND IS WELCOMED BY THE PRINCE.

BEAMS' CHILDREN ENTERTAIN THE COMPANY AT THE BALL.

THE GLASS SLIPPER FITS CINDERELLA AND THE PRINCE CLAIMS HER AS HIS BRIDE.

PEACE CHRISTMAS PANTO.: "CINDERELLA" AT THE ADELPHI.

London for its first post-war Christmas has only two pantomimes—" CINDERELLA,*" at the Adelphi, and "Aladdin," at the Cambridge. "Cinderella," presented by Jack Hylton, has Bud Flanagan as producer and chief comedian, and Jean Adrienne and Lois Green as Principal Boy and Girl. The production is gay, charming and merry, full of good fun of the kind likely to appeal to children of the nursery and of the grown-up variety. The specialities include Beams' Children, Dudley's Midgets, and Baker, Dove and Allen, and the Ugly Sisters are played by Bobbie Kimber and Marion Dawson. Our photographs give some idea of the excellent pictorial effects of the show.*

ACTRESS-AUTHOR; SATIRIC GALVANIC HERMIONE AT HOME.

Right: Looking quite neo-Georgian, Hermione sits thoughtfully under a portrait of a Victorian child.

HERMIONE GINGOLD'S high spirits, her irresistible burlesque of all sorts of people in all sorts of situations; her voice and her mobile mouth draw laughter from any audience. "Sweet and Low" at the Ambassadors passed to "Sweeter and Lower," with packed houses and long runs; it will one day soon arrive at its superlative. And its star, Hermione, has a new riotous Lady Godiva number, written for her by Allan Melville. Her pseudo-autobiography "The World is Square" ran out of print at once on its publication last May; it is now reprinting and she is thinking of a fresh volume for her startled public. Her little house in Kinnerton Street, of which we published a page of pictures some time ago, is gaily decorated with pale-blue wall-paper and has Victorian charm. Her hobbies are interior decoration and collecting china. Hermione started her stage career in 1908 as the Herald in "Pinkie and the Fairies" at His Majesty's.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. J. GOODMAN.

Like Deanna Durbin, she can't stop singing. Or it might be a morning yawn. Note the heavily-fringed draperies behind the bed, the spotted wall-paper, the elaborate chiffon nightie.

She has a Victorian background. Looped tartan curtains surmount and surround crossed, frilled muslin. A little blackamoor stretches out suppliant hands as Hermione answers the telephone to her publishers.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"THE Song of the Cold" contains all the poetry that Miss Edith Sitwell has written since the war, besides three poems that have not hitherto been printed in a book. To these she has added some earlier work, "Gold Coast Customs," and poems from "Façade" and "The Sleeping Beauty," thus enabling us to guess at the development of her mind and art.

To say that once her chief pre-occupation in poetry was æsthetic and that now it is also human and spiritual would be to simplify too much; but that is the general trend. "The Soldan's Song" and "Most Lovely Shade" are evocations of pure beauty to which the human element lends a decoration, a poignancy and a grace, just as it lends wit and playfulness to "Through Gilded Trellises" and The Governante's Song." Life in them is stylised into exquisite gestures and attitudes, as it is in the figures of a ballet. Perhaps Miss Sitwell is looking back to this time when, in one of her latest poems, she writes:

> Yet there was a planet dancing in my mind
> With a gold seed of Folly . . . long ago . . .

The Change. But, at some moment, Miss Sitwell was struck, almost with the force of a religious conversion, by a conviction of man's inhumanity to man, and thereafter nearly all her poems bear the stamp of suffering. "Gold Coast Customs" marks the transition. It is an attack on social injustice, strident with indignation and horror. But though the feeling is new, the urgent, staccato drum-tap of the metre, although used with an entirely novel effect, still harks back to the technique of her earlier poems.

The war deepened and intensified the poet's suffering. But in "Still Falls the Rain," "Lullaby" and "Serenade" her anguish, now ice-cold instead of burning hot, flows with the slow, relentless pressure of a glacier. There were "street songs," songs of man-made cities, voices from the broken bricks and mortar where the bombs fell. "Green Song" shows another change. Miss Sitwell has almost conquered her agony of spirit. Nature, the mutation of the seasons, seed-time and harvest, provide analogies in which man's lot can be seen in terms of cosmic purpose. Sufferings shrink to growing-pains; and eternal symbols, the Sun, the Night, the Lion and the Rose, give back to the human spirit the meaning and majesty it seemed to have lost. In these poems Miss Sitwell finds reconciliation and appeasement; their long, slow rhythms break on the mind's shore like a benediction. The river that started with the confluence of many glittering torrents and cascades has gained breadth and volume and power and flows serenely to its goal.

Holiday in peace. **GENERAL MARK CLARK** *home on leave enjoys a fisherman's holiday with his wife in Miami, Florida. Mrs. Clark cracks a fishing joke which, like most things, the General takes quite seriously.*

Intellect and Emotion. We hear much about the obscurity of modern poetry and some of the complaints are justified. But they are not justified in Miss Sitwell's case because, though her poems are often far from easy, she never commits the cardinal sin of some modern poets—she never divorces the intellect from the emotions. Even her most feather-light poems are *felt*, and have their roots in her emotions before they flower in her mind. Once or twice, indeed, in "Gold Coast Customs" she hardly gives her emotion time to flower before she digs it up by the roots. Even so, fertilised by passion, the bud belongs to the living plant of poetry and is not the sterile offspring that the mind begets upon itself.

And—another thing which distinguishes her from many of her contemporaries—she is quotable. To be quotable is not necessarily the mark of a great poet, but few great poets have not been quotable.

A Candid Traveller. Mr. Cecil Beaton's tour in India and China was sponsored by the Ministry of Information, but his account of it has none of the reticence of an official document. On the contrary, he speaks his mind more freely than do many travellers who have only themselves to consult. Like the camera that he wields with so much mastery, he gives the impression that he cannot lie; perhaps, indeed, he is more veracious than that instrument, whose reputation for truth-telling is not altogether deserved and which, in Mr. Beaton's hands, sometimes discovers beauty and significance in unlikely places.

The photographs in "Far East" are, of course, a great joy; they might have been an even greater joy had not a large batch of them been mislaid in transit. Mr. Beaton records this cruel loss with his habitual and admirable stoicism. Travelling in China, a country he found extremely uncomfortable, he notes:

By degrees I am becoming accustomed to sleeping on a wooden board; but the pelvis is apt to become painful if one lies on the face too long; I find the skin is peeling on my left hip bone; a pity I am not fatter.

In all his misfortunes, which range from chronic fatigue to a sharp attack of Dengué's fever and an air crash (brilliantly described) at the outset of his trip, the accents of self-pity are never heard. Of a banquet he remarks, "Mercifully our hosts did not insist on our drinking ourselves silly," a reflection which indicates the breadth and irony of his tolerance. Indeed, his clear-sightedness is a little terrifying; but never estranging, since he himself is its most frequent target. Describing the Chinese, a people he finds much less romantic and poetic than they are generally represented, but nearly always amused and cheerful, he quotes Shao Yung: "I am happy," he said, "because I am human and not an animal; a male and not a female; a Chinese and not a barbarian; because I live in Loyang, the most wonderful city in all the world."

Impressions and a Background. Mr. Beaton's not un-Chinese stoicism of outlook has one drawback. He is extremely sensitive to what is funny and what is sad, and his book abounds in instances of both, but the smile and the sigh do not always get their full value in his prose; he damps down his moods and in the expression of emotion rations himself most austerely. Otherwise I have nothing but praise for this brilliant, interesting and informative book. Mr. Beaton misses nothing of what goes on round him, either personal or scenic; his impressions have an unflagging freshness. Nor are they exclusively visual, as witness his sensations at the hashish party. They have also, as vivid impressions do not always have, the advantage of a "cultural background"; he not only sees but knows what he is writing about. Moreover, his mind has a telescopic lens, and can generalise as well as observe; his book gets its architectural balance from the broad contrast he draws between India and China.

A Courageous Story. Miss Vera Brittain has written a very courageous and painful story about a young man who suffered from intermittent black-outs of consciousness as a result of an experience in battle during the First World War; any violent nervous strain is liable to bring them on; even a tune which he associated with the original experience may make him susceptible to them. After an attack on the concert platform he gives up his career as a pianist and enters his father's paper factory; and a happy marriage and philanthropic and cultural work among the firm's employees seem to have brought about a cure. But the nervous tension of 1938 and 1939 proves too much for him. On the night of the German entry into Paris he hears the tune again, and there follows the terrible episode which led to his standing his trial for the murder of his wife. Exactly what happened we do not know, for Francis could not remember; but the jury brought in a verdict of guilty but insane.

The story does not end there. The whole bent of Miss Brittain's mind is towards construction, not destruction; she wants us to profit from a lesson, as Francis did. "Account Rendered" is a tract against war; and war, the author thinks, is not caused by the especial wickedness of this or that nation, in fact not by wickedness at all, but by psychological maladjustment. If human beings could be treated on a wholesale scale by psychiatrists there would be no more war and perhaps no more crime. To pressing home her point she sacrifices some, at any rate, of the fictional aspects of her story. The trial scene, for instance, is too long; the characterisation is adequate but no more. But the book grips one by its fairness, its passionate sincerity, and by its narrative.

Immaterialism. The canons of literary criticism are always a thorny and provocative subject, but in certain cases the reader feels he cannot do without them if he is to try to assess the value of a work of art. John Wilson, who tells the greater part of Mr. Symonds' detective story, "The Immaterial Murder Case," clarifies the position by explaining, "Immaterialism is a belief in the value of the immaterial, of what is not there." He adds, "Most Immaterialists are a little mad. If you ever meet one you should be careful to keep your fingers crossed." This sound advice should be a sheet-anchor to anyone who sets sail on the stormy sea of Immaterialism; otherwise he may find the phenomenon of the Immaterialist ghost and the plans for dealing with Mr. Redmayne's sculpture hard to swallow and possibly not even very easy to follow. But perhaps that would be immaterial too.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Song of the Cold. By Edith Sitwell. (*Macmillan; 7s. 6d.*)
Far East. By Cecil Beaton. (*Batsford; 15s.*)
Account Rendered. By Vera Brittain. (*Macmillan; 9s. 6d.*)
The Immaterial Murder Case. By Julian Symonds. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)

Pin-up Girl:
No. 43. Dusty Anderson.

DUSTY ANDERSON, *affectionately known as " the screen tonic from Toledo " is a 5-ft.-8-in.-tall blue-eyed brunette with an exquisitely-distributed 118 lb. of weight. She was a Conover Girl, one of New York's top models and had a virtual monopoly of swim-suit posing. Her work in " Cover Girl," Columbia Pictures' musicale, won her a term contract and she played in " To-night and Every Night," " A Thousand and One Nights " and was then cast opposite to Warner Baxter in " The Crime Doctor's Warning." Her latest picture is " One Way to Love," and here she is as the Black Cat of good luck wishing the world a happy 1946.*

PETRIFIED GORGON.*

BY WARDEN LEDGE.

YOUNG Melsanby, specialising in ecclesiastical architecture, had obtained his "articles" when the war took him. Invalided from the Royal Engineers, he soon found a job: assistant to the architect's office, Dean and Chapter, Barham Cathedral. Old Wakelyn, the architect, personally and gradually, took him round the fabric.

The tour was methodical: first, the exterior; next, "the tops," in order to realise the whole conception in plan; finally, the interior.

"The Army, Melsanby," the old man broke off suddenly as they walked round the lantern gallery, whose low parapet made the great depth viewed at this height even more dizzy, "must have taught you much about stress and strain . . . human safety. . . . You told me you had often to work out . . . enemy bridges . . . captured buildings . . ."

They had just come to the door connecting the gallery with the main-tower spiral stairs. Melsanby threw a final glance into the nave and prepared to follow his mentor through the door. He suddenly stopped.

Round the top of the door's pointed arch and following the ogive was a hood-moulding that terminated on each side and at man-height in a corbel. These corbels were carved human faces of human proportions turned to each other; one, a monk, covered his features with both hands, concealing a face which, judging by the visible profile, must have been writhing in contrition or lust; the other, whose hair uncovered made her second glory, was the stone embodiment of living, inviting *allure*.

It was *she* who arrested Melsanby: the most beautiful face he had seen in living flesh or cold stone—did it matter which? No "other-worldliness," no bi-sexual angelic being here, but a *woman* who, even in so-called "dead" material, could thrill the living. In this of all places she was a delightful, unholy puzzle.

"Rather taking, eh?" Wakelyn chuckled. "Remember years ago a party of American architects. . . . 'Gee!' one of 'em said. 'I'd sure get a religion to meet that baby!' . . . There's a 'yarn,' of course. . . . Oh, you know . . . boy-friend monk bowled out and—walled-in—that's him, or supposed to be; the woman—not here, of course . . . secular arm probably. You've looked long enough, my boy. Come on—office, office! By the way, before we go, have a look at these cracks—appeared shortly before you came here . . . blast effect from the last 'Baedeker raid' . . . precincts . . . no real damage in here."

A crack of "wish-bone" shape showed faintly about two feet above the monk's head, where it divided, both legs at an angle to the corbel and within a few inches of the gallery floor. "Got it?" asked Wakelyn. "More, later." They passed through the door and began the long, corkscrew descent.

"That's about the lot before I put you into collar. Are you 'arty-crafty'? . . . Suppose must mention . . . new choir-screen; pulpit to be altered that's delivered thousands of sermons; colouring lantern-bosses . . . leaves me cold . . . all to be decided by Sir Augustus Prigell, our 'Hon. Cathedral Architect.' . . . Ask *him* what's meant by a counter-thrust from a rotating 'moment.' . . . Pah! Six hundred years ago they'd have called me a master-mason—proud of it!

"Sorry to be so slow . . . bu—bla-ast this lumbago! I never mind expressing myself strongly. . . . *Le Bon Dieu* has done it more than I. . . . You've met most of the Chapter . . . not Canon Mulgar . . . due back Thursday night . . . long illness . . . mad on scientific interpretation of the 'other world' . . . 'maths' and metaphysics . . . declares it all compatible with doctrine. . . . Dunno . . . metaphysics bore me stiff . . . you're here and you aren't, really. . . . Anatole France defined the subject, didn't he, as 'one of several imbecilities consecrated by time'? . . . Read a bit . . . can't always be tied to a damned tee-square. . . . *Ouch!*"

At last they reached bottom, and the releasing click of Wakelyn's master-key passed them into the south transept.

Melsanby had not listened to a word.

From the moment he turned from the face, its lovely iniquitous image floated beside him turn after descending turn. That a stone could radiate so devilish an attraction—whence came the power?

Leaving the cathedral by the "yard-door," the pair walked across to the drawing office. Lighting a pipe, Wakelyn threw Melsanby a slide-rule and asked him to solve a simple problem solely by its means.

Melsanby operated the rule. "Near enough," the old man said. "Just wanted to see. By the way, can you 'free-hand' to scale?"

Melsanby replied dryly: "Had to, recently!" Wakelyn puffed instructions: "I want a 'free'—oh, say inch to a foot—of that crack and area covered . . . pretty good idea what lies behind . . . but the omniscient Prigell thinks otherwise; anyhow, let's see what *you* make of it."

Melsanby murmured he'd do his best. Here was a responsible job and a chance. That night in his rooms he took down a text-book and studied the chapter: "Concealed Fractures," from which he worked a line of approach. Satisfied, he lit a cigarette and tuned-in his radio.

He caught a rich, throaty woman's voice singing in Spanish with a background of castanets. He held the turn. Insidiously, the corbel and the execution mingled in the same mind-stuff. He marvelled how a few chisel-blows could induce this. Disquieting and, he owned, frightening.

Ascending next morning, he unlocked the gallery door. His throat tightened as he saw "her." Long he drank his fill of the features; then, remembering he was here to trace cold "lines of force," he covered the face with his handkerchief, ashamed and angry at the subterfuge.

Army experience enabled him to form a conclusion within an hour. Snatching up the handkerchief, he descended to make his report. Wakelyn compared the sketch critically with a recent scale drawing. "Good," was the laconic comment. "What do *you* suppose caused that bifurcating crack?"

"Well, Sir, certainly not foundational subsidence; the area's too small—only a few square feet; anything 'wonky' with the foundation would have shown very long cracks—fissures, probably."

"Exactly! That ass Prigell thinks it's foundational. I just wanted your opinion. I'm satisfied."

Melsanby thought this a good opportunity to ask: "Who carved those corbels. They're so *devilishly* alive!"

"Still thinking of 'her'?" the old man laughed. "Don't ask me—cathedral 'yarns' get so exaggerated . . . done in stone as an example for all time. . . . How those old formalists loved rubbing it in! . . . Get hold of Canon Mulgar . . . always looking up from the nave and catching the ghost boy-friend hanging round your corbel—a monk. Twice he's come across him face to face in the gallery itself. So *he* says—nobody else seen it.

"However, you'll be seeing Mulgar himself Friday morning probably. . . . In at the death, so to speak. . . . Reminds me, the Chapter, last meeting, are of my opinion in spite of Prigell . . . 'localised cavity' . . . you, too, eh? Quite. Friday morning we start in . . . first stage under you . . . repair, me . . . too fat to creep in constricted places."

Wakelyn pulled down a scale-drawing and covered a spot with a pudgy finger. "You make your entry here, on the stair side . . . wide enough for one man . . . there'll be no 'cave-in'—I know! You'll find what's there was done purposely. . . . Have a good look round and inform me. . . . See?"

Early Friday morning Melsanby, with the Clerk of the Works, the foreman, plus two hefty "yard-men," assembled on the stair-point. In three hours the aperture was large enough for Melsanby to squeeze through. Waiting a little for the foul air to disperse, he switched his torch and pushed himself in.

Before he could halt his foot he knew what it would contact. There was a powdering crunch. He looked down the beam. In a heap was piled a broken, brittle skeleton. Between them they reverently removed it and somebody went down for a tarpaulin. The total of ribs denoted a man.

Melsanby re-entered to take measurements. That old wizard, Wakelyn, was right: he'd hit the exact spot; there was no danger to the fabric: the crack mere light reaction by the facing to main-block vibration of the tower. Melsanby jotted the items in the light of the stairway.

He went in again, mastered by urgency to force himself, for some reason, within the mental confine of the doomed man. Shutting his eyes against the feeble light, he groped with his hands. Perhaps there was still a pocket of the foul air to make him actually feel the stones replaced and mortared and his body entombed for all time. Horror so intruded he felt himself at one with the victim's personality. He was wrenched back to the present by the thrust-in head of the foreman: "Mr. Wakelyn here, Sir."

In company with Canon Mulgar—the tarpaulin man's tongue had not been idle—Wakelyn heaved up the steps in a cloud of acrimonious conversation. Said the Canon:

"I *knew* remains would be found; it only proves that what I've dreamt and *seen* . . ."

"I know, Canon, I know."

"Oh, do let me finish! The Chapter has a great opportunity to interfere *now* with the 'world-line' of a past and evil event—the blessed gift of 'free-will'—that will be the instrument by which this track in Space and Time can be diverted. The Dean has always had it in his mind to alter those two vile corbels into harmless 'ball-flowers' or, say, Moses and Aaron. . . . *Hic est Moyses* . . ."

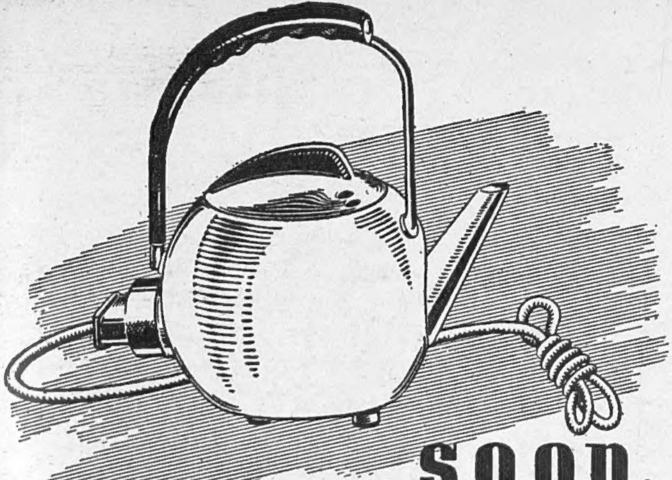
"Good g-gracious!" Wakelyn controlled himself admirably. "Prigell, I suppose!"

"Probably," the Canon replied icily, "*Sir* Augustus thinks these are not times to perpetuate mediæval idiosyncrasies of *that* kind, and now is the opportunity to——"

It was at this moment Melsanby appeared from the cavity. Canon Mulgar stared long and stared hard; he almost fell back on the step below. His mental censor must have been as surprised or completely off its guard; Canon Mulgar, with no effort at control, screamed: "Good God!"

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*



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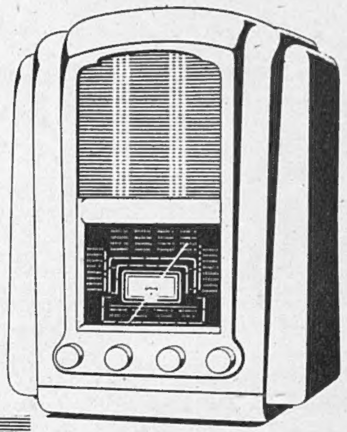

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